Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, Villaine take my purſe:
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my body,
And giue the Letters which thou findſt about me
To *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter, ſeeke him out, vpon
The Britiſh party: ô vntimely death! death.

He dyes,

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.
Glo. What is he dead?
Edg. Sit you downe father, reſt you, lets ſee his pockets,
Theſe Letters that he ſpeakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am onely ſorry he had no other deathſman.
Let vs ſee, leaue gentle wax, and manners blame vs not,
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

A Letter.

Let your reciprocall vowes be remembred.
You haue many opportunities to cut him off.
If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done: If he returne the Conqueror,
Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my Iayle,
From the loath'd warmth whereof deliuer me,
And ſupply the place for your labour.

Your wife (ſo I would ſay) & your affectionate ſeruant,

Gonorill.

Edg. O vndiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere in the ſands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous letchers, and in the mature time
With this vngracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſd Duke, for him tis well,
That of his death and buſineſſe I can tell.
Glo. The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe,
That I ſtand vp, and haue ingenious feeling

Of my huge ſorrowes, better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be fenced from my greefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelues.

A Drumme afarre off.

Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten drum.
Come Father Ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exit*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I liue and worke to match thy goodneſſe,
My life will be too ſhort, and euery meaſure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-paid.
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer houres,
I prethee put them off.
Kent. Pardon me deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meet.
Cor. Then be it ſo: my Lord how does the king.
Doct. Madam ſleepes ſtill.
Cor. O you kinde Gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature,
The vntun'd and hurrying ſenſes, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.
Doct. So pleaſe your Maieſty we may wake the King
He hath ſlept long.
Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
Ith ſway of your owne will: is he array'd?
Doct. I Madam, in the heauineſſe of his ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him.
Kent. Good Madam be by when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his temperance.